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Original Poetry.

THE TIME TO DIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY T. HUMPSTEAD.

"There last all seasons for those ones, Oh Death!"

No, not when leaves wither in white on the plain,
And the cold in his fetters is writhing in vain,
And the glen and the grove all clothed in mourning are shorn,
When the wailing wind sighs for the grave of the lovelorn mourn.

Let not the cold earth pour his tenor round my head,
As I sink in anyone on my bituminous bed,
No love do they whisper, no joy do they bring,
No answer of sweetness, no murmur of spring.

Heap not the bleak stricken crest my mother,
When cold in our bosom, its throbbings at rest,
Neath the vain's hightest rest. Oh, lay me not down,
When the oak leaves his pride to the inaccurate wave,

But let me lie down when the flower and the leaf,
Are sweet to the spring-time and bright in its flood—
When the leaflet and flow'ret and fay may see fall,
And the waves from the valley are melted away.

Yes, let me go down when the forest is green,
And the breath of the earth o'er the flowers is bath here,
When the sunshine is bright where the violet slept,
And the song of the warbler is heard in the grove,

Soft, soft o'er my breast let the wild flowers twine,
As the breeze flings a balm o'er the spray on the vine;
And the chalice is wet, and the breakin' wave sings,
Large will in its glee through the echoing glen.

Let the one that has loved me be near when I die,
And the last ray of life consecrate to one of love;
Let my lover feel her touch ere from earth I depart,
The light of my bosom, the friend of my heart.

Then welcome the shadows, and welcome the hour,
That brings wait its thought a repose to my soul;
Yes, a smile of forgiveness, a look of love and of May,
But a sigh for the voice that is silent for aye.

Original Tales.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

CHAPTER VI.

"The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."—Shakspeare.

Laura was soothed and gratified by her lover's praises, and allowed herself to be led to the sofa, where he took his seat beside her; and Agnes, who was passing some books with her friend, as a guest, invited to be present at the approaching bridal festivities, seeing tranquility re-established, took occasion to withdraw.

"I am afraid," said Laura, after a meditative pause of some moments, "that you will think me very unkind, hastily polite, to poor Agnes. I acknowledge she has some cause to mistrust your sex; but she should not include ours also in her avenging condemnation."

Howard adroitly inquired to what circumstance she alluded; and while he secretly pondered on the means she had taken to extricate herself from the dilemma in which he found himself placed, Laura, with girlish gayety, proceeded to relate a part of the circumstances of history, of Agnes' accidental acquaintance with a gay young Southerner; which, after a short time, ended in an elopement. They were separated unexpectedly, and Agnes had heard no more of him. "Is it not a pity," continued the animated speaker, "that I am a very pretty, and such a sweet girl. I wish she would forget her faithless swain; for certainly he is not worth remembering. I am afraid that the man who could desert the woman whose love he has gained, deserves the scorn and contempt of the whole world. Don't you think so, Alfred?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," replied Howard, absently, and awaking from his reverie he set himself to draw from his artless companion all she had learned from fragments of her former life, and from Agnes herself. To his great relief he found that in her mention of the past, she had made no allusion to any knowledge of him; and that, as all was open as yet, safe, and as she had been an inmate of the mansion for more than a week, and could not have remained ignorant of his connection with Laura, he reasonably conjectured that she had no intention of betraying him. Yet he was perplexed in the extreme to account for one so ordinary step she had taken; and could form no idea of the nature of her designs. To think of her being a confederate with Agnes, was at once and innocent Laura, goaded him almost to madness. No could his moral sense, and principles of worldly wisdom admit the thought of her continuing to reside under the roof of which he was so soon to become the master. But two days more were to elapse ere he could be enter on the duties and responsibilities of domestic life. No change would be made in the management of the establishment by his entrance into the family, as Mrs. Mortimer would assist the inexperience of her daughter, by continuing the superintendence of the household affairs; and he had promised Laura never to separate her from her indulgent mother. Something must be done in the course of that two days' delay; and fertile as he had always proved in devising expedients for the promotion of his own interests, he could think of nothing but the present time in the present emergency by the immediate removal, and to make the removal appear to be her own voluntary scheme.

"And so, dearest," resumed he, "your new paragon has already entered on the duties of her office; and we have commenced learning Italian. 'La belle langue de la beaute, et de l'amour.' Come, I will set you both a lesson; you must not be so tantalizing as to present some sentences that I will write. She understands the language, you say?"

Oh, yes, better than any foreigner I have ever known. I wish you would converse with her—for though she lives entirely in her own chamber, she is not at all timid; indeed, I do not doubt that I could persuade her to see you. I do not know her real name; the appellation which she assumed at her baptism, she says, she would be wicked to disavow; but that Santini is that which she has adopted, instead of that which she inherited from her father. But now, give me my task; here are pen, ink and paper. You shall see how perfect I will be to-morrow."

Before Howard parted from his fair fiancée, he gave her a folded paper, which she pronised to deliver to Beatrice that night, and also intended to visit her before she retired to rest.

The chamber occupied by the Italian was within that of Laura; and in the supposition of seeing her, the door had been left unfastened. The lamp still burned upon the table, as Laura advanced with a light step to the bedside of her interesting protegé. Beatrice had been wearied with her solitary watch, and was already asleep. Her "Heures de Prieres" had fallen from one hand, and lay open on the coverlet, while the other clutched, forcibly, the ivory tresses of her dark hair, and bared the high, pale forehead, whose strong contraction showed that the visions that flitted across her sleeping fancy retained some painful, and agonizing scene, or pictured forth dim shadows of impending horrors.

Laura would have pressed a sister's kiss on that swollen brow; but she started back, in momentary affright, as she noticed the heaving bosom, the flushed cheek, and compressed lip of the sleeper, who breathed heavily, and muttered some broken and unintelligible words. Hastily and instinctively retreating from the bed, she regarded her own agitation with shame, and giving a few moments of compassionate sympathy to the sorrows of her unhappy guest, prepared for the repose of the young and innocent, relying on the care of the Guardian Power, whose protection she had implored.

When her slumbers awoke from her disturbed and unrefreshing slumbers, her eye fell immediately on the paper, which Laura had left upon her table. She opened it and read, with a burning indignation, and flashing eyes, the following words, in her native language, and in the familiar characters of him, she had once idolized:

"A woman's place is in her own home, and not with her own people. Flee from the cold world, and avenge it with eye. Take fresh of what is freely offered. The means must be prevented from doing injury. The great secret of human happiness is to forget."

Beatrice looked on these unconnected and mysterious phrases with a fixed and strong gaze, until she had collected all their scattered meaning. Her dry and burning eyes seemed to become stiff and glazed. Then folding the writing carefully, she placed it in her bosom. Then welcome the shadows, and welcome the hour, That brings wait its thought a repose to my soul; Yes, a smile of forgiveness, a look of love and of May, But a sigh for the voice that is silent for aye.

CHAPTER VII.

It would be unnecessary to detail the soul-harrowing scenes that attended, and followed this deplorable event. These may well be imagined, but it must not be omitted to state, that the medical attendants, guided by their observations of the symptoms of the case, and the appearances which were evident on the countenance of the deceased, pronounced that she had died by the unanimous opinion that the young and lonely heiress had fallen a sacrifice to the administration of poison!

The Signorina Santini had been deeply affected by this sudden calamity; and, with becoming consideration, had notified to the sorrowing Agnes, her sense of the propriety of making another asylum, to which determination Miss Sinclair offered no opposition: but politely expressed her wishes that every recommendation which could facilitate her arrangements, might be freely ordered.

In fact, the situation of the family rendered the presence of a stranger extremely embarrassing. Mrs. Mortimer continued in a state of nervous excitement, and agitation, that justified fears for her reason, if not for her life; while Howard, shut up in a retired chamber of the house, which a few hours would have been his own, gave vent to a grief the more profound, and insupportable, as it was mixed with an undefined and horrible dread of the consequences that had brought about this terrible catastrophe.

He desired to be alone, and would allow not even Agnes to intrude upon the sanctuary of his retirement. He needed communion with himself, that by meditation and reflection he might endeavor to calm the tumult of his mind, and familiarize himself to his present position. The first great shock was over. The fatal event, which had rested the fairest of his prospects, had been violently overthrown but he must not suffer himself to be crushed with despair. In what other manner should he banish gaze of the stranger. "We will leave home the day after to-morrow," said he, "and will give the Signorina Santini into your good mother's charge. She will be glad to have the opportunity of returning to her own country. I will depriye her of her scholar; as I have a fancy for the pretty, and such a sweet girl. I wish she would forget her faithless swain; for certainly he is not worth remembering. I am afraid that the man who could desert the woman whose love he has gained, deserves the scorn and contempt of the whole world. Don't you think so, Alfred?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," replied Howard, absently and awaking from his reverie he set himself to draw from his artless companion all she had learned from fragments of her former life, and from Agnes herself. To his great relief he found that in her mention of the past, she had made no allusion to any knowledge of him; and that, as all was open as yet, safe, and as she had been an inmate of the mansion for more than a week, and could not have remained ignorant of his connection with Laura, he reasonably conjectured that she had no intention of betraying him. Yet he was perplexed in the extreme to account for one so ordinary step she had taken; and could form no idea of the nature of her designs. To think of her being a confederate with Agnes, galled him almost to madness. No could his moral sense, and principles of worldly wisdom admit the thought of her continuing to reside under the roof of which he was so soon to become the master. But two days more were to elapse ere he could be enter on the duties and responsibilities of domestic life. No change would be made in the management of the establishment by his entrance into the family, as Mrs. Mortimer would assist the inexperience of her daughter, by continuing the superintendence of the household affairs; and he had promised Laura never to separate her from her indulgent mother. Something must be done in the course of that two days' delay; and fertile as he had always proved in devising expedients for the promotion of his own interests, he could think of nothing but the present time in the present emergency by the immediate removal, and to make the removal appear to be her own voluntary scheme.

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those strong impressions in childhood, I have heard of many cases where they seemed to be prophecies sent of the Lord. When I saw thy father in London, I had even then an indistinct idea that I might somewhere be sent to America on a religious visit."

"And hast thou forgotten, Friend John, the ear of Indian corn which my father hugged of thee for me? Since then I have seen it growing, and a goodly yield it is, I assure thee. See!" she continued, pointing to several bunches of ripe corn which hung in the long braided husks against the walls of the ample kitchen; "all that, and more, came from the ear corn left with my father. May the good seed sown by thy ministry be as fruitful."

Arthur replied both the guests; and for a few moments no one interrupted the silence. Then they talked much of Kinbeck. John Estaugh had not seen any of the Haddon family for several years but he brought letters from them, which came by the same ship, and he had information to give of many whose names were familiar as household words.

The next morning it was discovered that snow had fallen during the night in heavy drifts, and the roads were impassable. Elizabeth, accustomed to send carriages for her children, sons and daughters, to open pathways for several great families and her households often on occasions were visited by illness. In this duty John Estaugh and his friend joined heartily, and some of the laborers worked harder than they. When he returned glowing with the exercise, she could not but observe that the excellent youth had a goodly countenance. It was not physical beauty, for of that he had little; it was that cheerful, child-like, outbeaming honesty of expression which we see unfrequently see in Germans who above all nations look as if they carried a crystal bead within their manly bosoms.

Two days after, when Elizabeth went to visit her patients with a sled load of medicines and provisions, John asked permission to accompany her. Pausing by the bedside of the aged and the suffering, she saw the clear serenity of his countenance warmed up with rays of love, while he spoke to them words of kindness and consolation, and there she noted his pleasant voice modulate itself into deeper tenderness of expression when he took little children in his arms.

The next First Day, which we call the Sabbath, the whole family, as usual, attended the Newtown meeting, and there John Estaugh was gifted with an outpouring of the spirit in his ministry, which sank deep into the hearts of those who listened to him. Elizabeth found it so marvellously applicable in the trials and temptations of her own soul, that she almost doubted it was spoken on purpose for her. She said nothing of this, but she pondered deeply upon it. Thus did a few days of mixed duties make them more thoroughly acquainted with each other than they could have been by years of fashionable intercourse.

The young preacher soon after bade farewell to visit other meetings in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Elizabeth saw him no more until the May following, when he stopped at her house to lodge, with numerous other Friends, on their way to the Quarterly Meeting at Salem. In the morning, quite a cavalcade started from her hospitable door, on horseback: for wagons were then unknown in Jersey. John Estaugh, always kindly in his impulses, hoisted himself with delight on a horse and very ugly old woman, and left his hostess to mount her horse as she could. The young women would have felt slighted; but in Elizabeth's estimation the quiet deep tide of feeling rippled with an inward joy. "He is always kindest to the poor and the neglected," thought she, "verily he is a good youth." She was leaning over the side of her horse, to adjust the bridle of the girth, when the same step on horseback, and inquired if anything was out of order. With slight confusion and a voice less calm than her usual utterance, she replied, "Nothing friend John: I was merely looking to see if Joseph had buckled the girth securely." They trotted along leisurely behind the procession of guests, speaking of the soil and climate of the new country, and how wonderfully the land had been prepared a home for his chosen people. Presently the girth began to slip, and the saddle turned so much on one side, that Elizabeth was obliged to dismount. "I took some time to re-adjust it, and when they again started, the company were out of sight. There was bright crimson that stood in the maiden's cheeks, and mounted radiance in her bold deep eyes. After a short silence, she said in a voice slightly tremulous, "Friend John, I have a subject of great importance on my mind, and one which nearly interests me. I am strongly impressed that the Lord has send thee to me as a prophet for life. I tell thee my impression frankly, but not without calm and deep reflection, for matrimony is a holy relation and should be entered into with solemnity. If thou hast no light on the subject, will thou gather unto the stillness, and reverently listen to thy own tremblings? Thou art to know part of the country to-morrow, and not knowing when I should see thee again, I tell myself to thee without any upon my mind."

The young man was taken by surprise; though accustomed to that suppression of emotion, which characterizes his religious sect, the color went and came rapidly to his face for a moment: but he soon became calmer, and replied, "This thought is new to me, Elizabeth, and I have no light thereon. Thy company has been very pleasant to me, and thy conversance ever reminds me of William Penn's late page. Discovering with her upon face." I will not say more now, but will retire to my own management of thy household. I have observed, too, that thy warm-heartedness is tempered by a most excellent discretion, and that thy manners are ever modest. Assuredly such is the maiden I would ask of the Lord, as a most precious gift, but I never thought of this in connexion with thee. I came to this country solely on a religious visit, and it might not well be consistent with it to say more at present. When I have discharged the duties of my mission, we will speak further."

It is true so," rejoined the maiden, "but there is one thing therefore to consider. Thou hast spoken of my true speech; and yet, Friend John, I have declared there, even to thee, while no sheltered on a subject so serious. I know not from what weakness the temptation came, but I will not hide it from thee. I felt that I was looking in vain at Joseph Jenkins: one gentle of my better mind, but, in plain truth, I was loosening the girth, John, that the saddle might slip, and give me an excuse to fall behind our friends, for I thought then would be kind enough to come and ask if I needed thy services."

The pure transparency of motive seemed love wonderful to John Estaugh than it would to a man more accustomed to worldly ways, or one familiar with the simplicity of primitive Quakers. Nevertheless, the perfect guilelessness of the maiden enchanted her to the honest heart, and he found it difficult to banish from his thoughts the important subject which she had suggested. It was observable in this singular courtship, that no mention was made of worldly substance. John did not say, "I am poor and thou art rich;" he did not even think of it; and Elizabeth's mind dwelt only on the form of thankfulness to God that she was provided with a home large enough for both.

They spoke no further concerning their union, but when he returned to England, to pay he pressed her hand affectionately, as he had never done before. Elizabeth felt he knew well I shall return to thee soon." He lingered and their hands trembled in each other's clasp, then drawing her gently toward him, he imprinted a kiss on her upon, and departed. She leaned modestly into her chair lonest eyes, and pondered on the kindness of her friend John, may the Lord bless thee and guide thee."

In October, he returned to America, and they were soon after married, at Newtown, according to the simple forms of the Society of Friends. Neither of them made any change of dress for the occasion, nor was there seen to walking feast. Without the aid of pomp or ceremony they took each other by the hand, and in the presence of witnesses, calmly and solemnly promised to be kind and faithful to each other. Then many persons, who were assembled in the church books, and the excellent pair quietly returned to their happy home, with none to intrude upon these sacred hours of female life, where the best friends are to be left alone with its own deep emotions.

They lived together nearly forty years on the greatest unity. During that period she three children and the Atlantic, to meet her aged parents, and he occasionally left her for a season, when called abroad in the work. These temporary separations were felt as a crime, but the strong-natured woman always cheerfully gave him up to follow his own conscientious of duty. In 1742, he parted from her, to go on a religious visit to Norfolk, in the West Indies. He died there, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. She published a relinquish of him, by which or prefixed a preface, entitled "Elizabeth Estaugh's testimony concerning her beloved husband, John Estaugh. In this preface, she says, "Before it pleased Divine Providence to call my husband from hence, he was favored with a heavenly frame and heart, being in the near communion of this dear worthy, I must in no sense small measure of the love of his wife, in a married state, ever lived in a manner more entirely than we did. He was a partner in tribulation in all things, yet lived up with and enjoyments, our case does not comport mon. A man endowed with many good gifts, which rendered him very agreeable to his friends, and much more to me, for whom he ministry in more dear and precious."

The brief bond in which he was joined at Trenton, is still preserved by their descendants, one of whom recently writes, "By a circuitous path, through a dense thicket, we came to the spot where Friends once had a meeting-house, and where are buried the remains of several of our valued ministers, who visited this island about a century ago, from a sense of gospel love. Time has made its ravages upon those mansions of the dead. The acacia spreads thickly its thorny branches over them, and some of the scenery-blooming allow is luxuriantly growing."

Elizabeth survived her excellent husband twenty years, useful and honored to the last. The Monthly Meeting of Haddonfield, in a published testimonial, says of her that "she was endowed with great natural abilities which, being sanctified by the spirit of God, were much improved; whereby she became qualified to act in the affairs of the church, and was a serviceable member, having been clerk to the women's meeting nearly fifty years, greatly to their satisfaction. She was a concere sympathizer with the afflicted, of a benevolent disposition, and in visiting to the poor was desirous to do it in a way most profitable and durable to them, and if possible not to let the right hand know what the left did. Though in a state of affluence as to the world's goods, she was an example of plainness and moderation. Her heart and house were open to the brethren, whom she received with much of her greatest pleasures. Prudently cheerful and social among the valued of her friends, yet an extensive garden in rear of the house, which during her day was much celebrated for its fine vegetables and fruits, she frequently visited all round the neighborhood. The house was burned down several years ago, but several yew trees, which she brought from England, are still growing there, and are admired by the noble garden once flourished. Her medical skill is so well remembered, that the old nurses of the neighborhood frequently call Elizabeth Estaugh's advice as the "sovereignest thing on earth."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and a copy of Sears' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the late novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIFTY DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Our paper is dated upon the last day of Spring. The Cape May boats are advertised as about to commence running, and a few more enterprising hotels have put forth their programmatics: as the fashion to travel promises this year to rule more absolutely even than it did last. There is already in many a house a dusting out of travelling trunks, and a picking up of the little essentials to comfort on the journey. Spring has departed, and the Summer we are told, is looking charmingly, and the spirits of the people we are sure are attuned to enjoyment. The prospects of the country are propitious, for the nation is in enjoyment of good general health, of reasonably prosperous business relations, and of the promise of an abundant harvest.

Truly of a nation ever existed whose progress and whose condition should be considered substantially grateful, that nation is the United States. Of the superior advantages and happiness which the man enjoys here over that subject in any other country we need no better or stronger proof than the continual and increasing flood of emigrants to our shores. The sophistry or special pleading can set aside this practical and continual argument. We are in possession of the best system of laws from the past, which offers rest and competence, and breathing space to the crowded thousands of the old world; and which will not be stayed nor restricted but the human tide is checked by the waters of the Pacific. And when the pioneer march of civilization and improvement has reached the limits of the continent, and the consequently diminished necessity of employing special agents for that purpose.

The last distribution of the Scriptures during the past year, is not as great as during previous years. This is not in part to be regretted, but it is a proof that a great want has been supplied in previous years, and in part to an increased willingness to purchase.

During the past year 1,200 Bibles and 2,200 Testaments, making a total of 3,400 volumes, were issued from the Depository in that time. The balance in the Treasury at the close of the last year was $4,000, and there are now $2,000 in the Pennsylvania Bible Society, to aid it in the enterprise.

Receipts during the year, $4,340 85
Expenses of the specific object, 732 56

The balance after deducting rent, salaries and incidentals, $3,608 29

After the reading of the report, addresses were delivered by Dr. D. M. Reese, of New York, Rev. Mr. Tyng, D. D., and the Rev. Joel Parker, D. D.

LOVE LETTERS.

In a branch of pruning case recently tried in England, Mr. Justice Coleridge said he believed the love letters of the cleverest men never did much credit to their heads. Mr. Justice Coleridge spoke from experience. He knew if there is any specimen of composition which effectually demonstrates that gentle and simple are not blended, that wisdom and folly seldom all have in common a weak spot, it is the style of tenderness, usually denominated love letters. Of all the productions of the human mind, on the water once, would be one which would include love letters addressed to mankind. If there be any nauseating substance which excels this particular article in potency, it has not yet been discovered.

A prudent mortal will never trust in paper such nonsense as cannot but make him feel not a little ridiculous in after years. But love letters are not prudent—if they were, they would not

Put an enemy in the post
To send away thee tender.

Even if all goes merry as a marriage bell after the loving cream and the love letters are sealed, and in due course of time surrounded by a troop of living witnesses, those old billet doux, green and red, will be sent to the post-seats for Candles of both senses to read lectures from. So—young men, beware!

THE LAKES.

It is stated in the London Times that Mr. Tucker, the British admiralty builder who came over in the last steamer, has given instructions for the building of two steamboats on Lake Erie, with the utmost despatch and the Niagara Dock Company have the contract for the work. It is supposed that the British fleet of national vessels each nation may keep upon the Lakes—and we presume that none will be permitted to exceed the present force. Whatever may be the case, however, it becomes the duty of our Government to be as well provided as God-Britain. The British force in the Lakes, and throughout all Canada would have a double duty in case of a war with the United States. Besides defending their own possessions British defenders in those provinces would be quite as much engaged in hostile attempts as against foreign foes.

HORRID MURDER.

The borough of Westchester, in this State, has been the scene of one of the most terrible murders which has ever occurred in this country. On Sunday morning last, about half past ten o'clock, a man named James Boyd, went to the farm-house of James Patten, a very respectable farmer, living about a mile out of the borough, and while there committed a deed at the thought of which the blood runs cold. Mr. and Mrs. Patten had gone to church, and left their house in charge of their son, a lad about ten, Wesley Patten, a youth some fifteen years of age, and an infant lying in the cradle.

They had been gone but a few minutes, before the young man Boyd entered, and, after locking the door carefully, placed his hand upon the boy's head, said, "how are you getting, Wesley?" and at the same time drew a razor from his pocket. He had scarcely time to answer his question, ere Boyd severed the tongue and with a violent jerk tore it from the boy's head, fracturing his scull in the most horrible manner. The girl, alarmed, flew to the cradle, seized the infant, blinded by the blood, escaped out of the door, to alarm the neighbors. As she reached the window, she declared afterwards, before the Attorney, that she saw Boyd with the razor in his hand, "Jim, don't kill me!" then a blow, a fall, and all was still.

When the neighbors reached the house they found every door fastened, and were compelled to enter at a window. A sight presented itself to them for which words cannot be revealed a cruelty unparalleled. The monster after having beaten out the boy's brains, threw the body into the fire, and before departing in appearances, it seems he had been thrown in before life was entirely extinct, as he gave evidence of having struggled severely, and partly succeeded in scrambling himself out of the fire. The flesh upon his face, and indeed the whole upper part of his body, was burned entirely off, and presented a most shocking and heart-rending sight.

Immediate search was made for the murderer throughout the house, and persons sent in every direction to search. He was arrested about two hours afterward at the house of his father, an honest laboring man, not far from the neighborhood. When arrested he stoutly denied the charge, and said he had "not been at James Patten's house for two weeks." On his examination, however, marks of blood were discovered upon his pantaloons, and also upon his boots. He was committed to jail on the charge of murder. While in the office, he manifested the most perfect indifference, and laughed and joked with those around him, as though nothing had happened. He is about twenty-two years of age, and a bricklayer by trade. He resided in the borough but a few days ago, but having committed some offence, he was put in prison, broke jail, and had not been there again until he was brought in

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance.

Postmasters are requested to act as agents. Letters addressed to us. The word "free" at itself is not a frank. Agents will please endorse their letters on the back of the envelope.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers are forwarded only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher, unless arrangements are made.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and P. Offices.

Immediate must always state the Post Office remained from or until as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi.

Mr. Jer. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, and T. Jones and S. L. Somerset.

JOHN SIMMONS Canada East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN W. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY S. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

DEALE, E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, and for the Northern States, *Mr. Jer. R. Smith, G. H. Stone, John B. Wright, and Mr. Jer. Somerset.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES FRENCH is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Webster

Notices of New Works.

Poems. By W. W. Lord. New York: D. Appleton. Philosophy and Wisdom of Epitaphs.—A little pocket book has made quite a sensation in N York—some critics highly laudatory, and others condemning it without measure, generally, owned in the poetic mood, we borrow the opinion of N. P. Willis, who says "there is much in this little volume quite above the average of the world's best flight." We never saw a first book of a author, or any book had so many indications of a future audience of genius, full as it is of such defects as would render unsalable any book of a writer not known to fame who the author is aware than he is aware—it may have been his advantages; but whether he starts with a full stock of unbearable confidence in his own self-sufficiency, or with a full stock of self-distrust and encouragement, he flies high or low. For our readers we have to say that if they are not up to get hold, at last, of something that is not so much respectable as to be also undeserving of praise or blame. The critics may make a vast mistake in this opinion.

Domestic Encyclopedia.—Part 3 of this work has been published in Philadelphia, and is serviced in town by *T. B. Peterson, Lindsay & Blakiston*, and by *Zieber* & Co. in Cincinnati. This work is well started and will prove especially to young couples, about to enter, or recently entered, on the domestic state. It contains a truly extraordinary quantity of varied and useful information, and will be a most excellent guide in house-furnishing and economy.

Homes at Last—Work a Poor Friend. New York: Langley & Stringer. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson. This is a reprint of the work of the Female Colonization—and on generals a volume of 300 pages, and has been published at a very low price. There are one or two things in it, of which we should have preferred the omission—but these may be matters of opinion that some one may not agree with the author.

Graham's Geography G S Appleton. The 40th and concluding number of this work is out, making an issue of 320 pages, with a convenient index. The whole is the most comprehensive work of the kind extant, as we have remarked in previous notices. Its accuracy, as to boundaries, is not to be relied on, will ensure, as it deserves, to have a very large circulation.

Pictorial History. Philadelphia: Walker —No. 4 of Dr. Irvin's Pictorial History of The United States, has been issued, and is fully equal to any of the work. The engravings, by Croome, Devereux and Richardson, are beautiful. We like the size of the paper in this and handsome, and the whole work such as to do credit to the Philadelphia press.

Godey's Magazine, for February. Philadelphia, without Comment.—This is a convenient little manual, designed and book for the stranger on his arrival. In several departments, and a great deal of valuable and necessary information is put into a form at once compact and convenient. The work is embellished with a fine map and several engravings.

The Island; or, The Coast Constitution.—By Elizabeth Starr. Boston: Redden. Another pleasant volume for the little, the scene of which is laid in the Island of Nantucket. It has the elements of interest in it, and will be welcome to all the works of Star. It is received in this city reading by *Hoskinson, Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.*

Lawyer's Letters. Part III. of this valuable work has been published by *Lindsay & Blakiston*, and by *Zieber & Co.* We have before spoke of the merits of the most comprehensive and intelligible work extant.

Dunigan's Law.—Zieber & Co. have sent to us several numbers of Tom Cringle's Log, Duggan's Cruise, and Cooper's Sea Tales, which we have not time to read, but have some intimate, but never been equal to.

Godey, for May. Zieber & Co have received a reprint of this monthly among magazines, which is the cheapest of the kind. Its Editor, Washington, Irving, commends the praise of all for its ability.

Campbell.—Campbell has published the second volume of Dr. Dunlap's History of the Arts of Design, and contains two colored portraits, fully worth the French engravings.

Old and Modern.—Harpers have published the life of Holmes's in their cheap pocket series. It is far Zieber's & Co. by *T. B. Peterson*, and by *Lindsay & Blakiston.*

Battle of the Factory. Casey & Hart.—A number of pamphlet tales by Christian Reid, Mrs. Southworth, author, incident and adventure—good Summer reading.

Harper. No 53 and 54 of Harpers' Illuminated Bible have been received by *T. B. Peterson*, and *Zieber & Co.*

Harper's Weekly. Vol.—Part 53 goes on the life of Grant's Ireland and the Irish, and other interesting matter.

Casualties.

Accident.—The Cumberland Civilian gives the following account of a melancholy accident which occurred near Mount Savage, on Saturday last. On that day a party of men gathered, are these. A young girl, about thirteen years of age, the daughter of a widow by the name of Mrs. Bowers, went out on horseback, and when out of reach of assistance, the saddle turned, causing the unfortunate girl to be precipitated to the ground with great speed. In the turning of the saddle the girl was unable to extricate her foot from the stirrup, and was dragged beneath the horse's feet for a considerable distance through the rocks, as when found she was totally dead. Her body is said to be mutilated in such a manner that her mother could scarcely recognise her.

Distressing Death.—The Bucks County Intelligencer, states that a few nights since, Mr. Isaac Hibbs, of Solebury, was on his way home from the village of Taylorsville, came to his death under distressing circumstances. He had been to visit a patient a few miles distant, and in his return his horse ran away, and throwing him from his seat, by which his feet became entangled in some parts of the sulky, and him for several hundred yards, bruising his head so dreadfully as to leave him insensible, and expire death in a few minutes he was rescued.

☞ At Boston, on Friday week, a young man, named James Gorman, aged about years, was killed in one of the machine shops of the Boston Iron Co., at the Mill Dam, large wheels belonging to different machinery, were in operation, and he was run apart, when the hapless young man ing seen to pick up something, fell between the wheels, in between the two of the vertical machinery mentioned, and literally ripped up, and dropped at once into the pit below. The operation was the work of an

☞ At Summerville, Tenn., a few days ago, a was discharged in the hands of a carelessly, and some sixteen or eighteen shots received in the face and neck of Miss Mary Donally. As the shot first struck a table planced in the wall, and again planced in the ceiling, the wounds were not mortal, as they first supposed to be.

☞ The total number of explosions in the Steamboat-inspected Districts, from January, 1742, to June, 1845, inclusive, was 34, attended with the loss of 1,317 lives, averaging 14 for each explosion.

☞ A sad event happened at the militia muster at Hughesville, Pa., on Tuesday of last week. It seems that a person by the name of David McCarty, who had been stationed to keep guard, while in the discharge of his duty had occasion to resist an attempted intrusion upon the parade ground by a man named Elijah Saunders, and in doing so presented his gun, which was seized by the other in a contemptuous manner, and, by some means, the trigger was pulled off, causing the body of Saunders to receive a most horrid manner.

☞ A dove on the roof of Military Hall, River street, Troy, was killed by lightning during the severe thunder storm of Tuesday afternoon week. The electric fluid passed along the railway very perceptibly for several seconds. Two houses were struck, and the electric fluid ran down the lightning rod of a third. Several persons were stunned, but none of them seriously injured. Two cows were struck both had their shoes torn by lightning, and holes were made by it in the child's stockings.

☞ A lunatic, the son of Mr. Danforth, of Lisbon, N. H., attacked a musket, a few days since, and started off. He was soon seen afterwards, with only the barrel and ramrod—he went to Bethlehem, where, it is said, he inserted the barrel into the fire, and the other end into his mouth. It immediately discharged, blowing his head in pieces. There was a strange method in his madness.

Crimes.

Villain.—The S. Cruz steamer, while just above the Upper Rapids, on her way to St. Louis, was recently discovered to be on fire in one of the cabins. The fire was checked, and the boat saved by immense exertion. The fire, says the St. Louis Era, was supposed to be the work of a man who had deposited with the clerk, a small trunk, which was labelled five hundred dollars in specie, when the trunk was opened, the whole volume spoke the truth, "heavy fluff, leaving his trunk and clothes behind. Suspicion being excited, the trunk he had deposited, and the fire was opened, and two large stones, weighing about fifty pounds, were found in it. There seems to be little doubt that the villain set fire to the boat with a view of plundering some of the passengers, as there were several saferoom on board, who had considerable amounts of money with them, and had not the fire been so promptly checked the loss of life would have been terrible, as there were between forty and sixty passengers on board. Many of whom were women and and frightful is relate, two hundred and fifty kegs of powder in the hold!

☞ Wood, an Englishman, arrested a few days since in Boston, on the charge of firing and robbing the house of Mr. Saunders, in Portsmouth, a few months since, has confessed, and implicates another Englishman named Clark, an Irishman named Murphy, and two young men, natives of the town, named Jones and Dupreau, confederates. All of them have been arrested.

☞ Mrs. Pecuniyer, who was imprisoned in Hudson county, N. J., on Monday, on the charge of having possessed her brother, named Scudder, at Hoboken, committed suicide on Tuesday evening, by hanging herself in prison —this probably suggesting the gallows.

Fires.

☞ We learn from the Portland Argus, that a fire occurred at Portland on Friday morning of last week in the store occupied by Messrs. Hall & Sturdivant, and owned by the estate of Freemen Dealers, under Brethoven Hall, Congress street. The stock of goods was nearly destroyed, but the loss was supposed, without much damage to the building. The stock was valued at $1,500 to $2,000.

☞ A destructive fire visited Peoria, Ill., on the 12th of February last. Mr. Pettingell's store, on the southwest of Main street, and four other buildings above it on the same side.

☞ The dwelling house of Mr. Charles Fuller, at Prairie du Rocher, Missouri, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 7th inst. Loss $8,000.

☞ The dwelling house of Mr. T. H. Stanford, Sarah Ann street, Baltimore, was destroyed by fire on Sunday.

Personal News.

Appointments by the President.—Thomas H. Carr, of New York, Consul of the United States for Morocco, vice John F. Mullowney, recalled.

Nathan Sargent, of Delaware, Secretary of Legation in Cuba, vice Thomas M. Rodney, re-called.

Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, Minister to Mexico, vice Wilson Shannon, resigned.

Alexander Pope Field, of Connecticut, Minister Resident to Buenos Ayres, vice Samuel C. Wheat, resigned.

Robert W. Johnson, of Arkansas, Minister to Sweden, vice Daniel Jackson, resigned.

Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, Minister to Mexico, vice Wilson Shannon, resigned.

Hon. Robert W. Johnson, of Arkansas, Minister to Sweden, vice Daniel Jackson, resigned.

Hon. James Campbell, of Pennsylvania, Postmaster General, vice Cave Johnson, resigned.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, Attorney General, vice Nathan Clifford, resigned.

Hon. Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy, vice John Y. Mason, resigned.

Hon. William L. Marcy, of New York, Secretary of War, vice George W. Crawford, resigned.

Hon. George Bancroft, United States Secretary of the Navy, has just received an honorary diploma from the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, in honor of his literary reputation, and especially of his history of the United States.

☞ A letter dated Abbeville, S. C., May 22, published in the Augusta Chronicle, states that on the previous day Mr. M'Duffie was attacked with paralysis, and has lost the use of his side and his speech.

☞ The Detroit Advertiser, says that Judge Wilkins recently intimated an opinion, in a case pending before him, that a Judge was privileged from suit during the period he held the office.

☞ The Duke of Wellington is the oldest soldier in Europe actually employed, having entered the army on the 5th of March, 1787, fifty-eight years ago, as ensign in the 73d Foot.

☞ Mr. Fox, the British Minister, being about to give up his present residence at Washington, last summer, publicly offered his rare collection of beautiful plants for the public garden.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Williamson, of St. Mary's College, Maryland, who has been laboring under severe indisposition, for some time, is considered in a dangerous state.

☞ On the 21st ult., Mr. Benjamin Bushe, died at Greensboro', Vt., at the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifteen years. He was a native of Old Scituate, Mass.

☞ We learn that Professor Gouraud, monotechnist, has just received information of a legacy left him by a relation in France, to the amount of 115,000 francs.

☞ The Catholic College, at Worcester, Mass., has fifty students, and a select Library of two thousand volumes. It was established two years ago.

☞ The Hon. James Buchanan, Secretary of State, has been requested to deliver the annual address before the American Institute in the city.

☞ Franklin B. Kaercher, has retired from the Pottsville Anthracite Gazette, Francis M. Wynkoop, is now sole proprietor of the establishment.

☞ David Small, Esq., junior editor of the York Gazette, has been appointed Postmaster at York, Pa., in place of George Upp, resigned.

☞ Rev. Adam Reid, of Salisbury, Ct., has been elected by the Second Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Cox, of Boston, to be the Pastor of the Bowdoin Street Church, Boston.

☞ The Countess de Survelliers, the widow of Joseph Bonaparte, died suddenly at Florence on the 7th ult.

☞ The Cumberland Alleghanian announces the death of its senior editor, H. McKenley, Esq.

THE POST OFFICE.

A circular has been issued by the Postmaster General, to the Deputies throughout the country, from which we make the following extracts, as containing the substance of the circular is practically a digest of the provisions of the law. We would call the attention of our readers to the subject, as it is important in the provision for the payment of money to publishers.

Letters dropped in the post office for delivery in the same place, two cents each.

Letters advertised are remaining on hand they shall be charged, when delivered out, with the regular postage. The cost of advertising, which will be on each letter two cents, is to be retained by the Postmaster, as his perquisite.

What is subject to letter postage is declared to be letters in manuscript or paper of any kind conveyed in the mail by or upon which information is given, or kept to the memory of, or communicated in writing, or by marks or signs.

What is not circulars, handbills, or advertisements, which are printed or lithographed on paper and in form like writing, and which are folded and directed but left unsealed, two cents on each package for any distance. Others sealed, these are to be rated as letters.

Quarto post is the size usually called letter paper, any sheet ten to eight inches in the single sap, it is to be rated as a pamphlet. As the postage on letters is chargeable on each copy, postmasters will carefully examine all packages, and rate postage accordingly.

On all pamphlets, magazines, periodicals, and every other kind and description printed or other matter, (except newspapers, and also publications of a like character, mentioned aforesaid,) which shall be unconnected with any manuscript communication whatever, two cents for each and every copy of no greater weight than one ounce, for any distance. For every additional ounce, one cent. Any fractional excess exceeding half an ounce, to be charged as an ounce; but any excess less than half an ounce not to be regarded.

Publications issued in a small unbound printed book. A magazine is a pamphlet published periodically in numbers, containing articles on science, literature, politics, or news.

Newspapers go free for any distance not exceeding thirty miles, from the place where printed, when sent by the editors or publishers thereof, if they do not exceed nineteen hundred superficial inches in extent. For any distance beyond thirty miles, within the State where published, one cent postage. For any distance exceeding one hundred miles out of the State where published, one and a half cent postage.

When a newspaper exceeds nineteen hundred superficial inches, it is rated with pamphlet postage.

When the article to be marked as a circular, pamphlet, or newspaper, it should be so endorsed, and folded that it can be distinctly seen by the office to be such, and also that it contains no writing, marks, or signs in the form or in the case of written communications. If not done so as a letter, by weight, if it is to be charged as a letter, by weight.

Free Papers.

The Governors of States may send, free of postage, all laws and reports, whether bound or unbound; and all records and documents of their respective States which may be directed by the Legislature of the several States to be transmitted to the Executive of other States, the Governor writing his name thereon, and the word "official" on the envelope, and the kind of books or documents enclosed, the package to be addressed to the Governor of the State to which it is to be sent.

The Heads of Executive Departments General are authorized to send, free of postage, any letters, packages, or other matters relating exclusively to their official duties, or the business of the Post Office Department, to be duly franked by their own hand, or that of an official assistant.

Deputy Post Masters throughout the United States are also authorized to send all letters and packages which it may be their duty, or which may have occasion to transmit to any person or place, which shall relate exclusively to the business of the Post Office Department. But in every such case the Post Master shall endorse thereon, over his own signature, the words "Post Office business."

Exchange newspapers between publishers of new-papers, may be sent free.

Payment for Publishers.

The authority heretofore given to Post Masters to send money free of postage to publishers of newspapers, in payment of subscriptions being withdrawn, the following regulation is substituted:

Money may be left with a Post Master, in no sum not exceeding ten dollars, for the purpose of being paid to distant publishers, if said publishers shall so desire, for any newspaper or periodical deliverable from his office. The Post Master may remain one per cent. and give his receipt for the whole sum. He is immediately to report the payment with the names of the parties, to the Post Master through whom said amount is to be paid to the publisher, and shall charge himself upon his general account with the United States," with the amount received, deducting the one per cent., under the head of "moneys received for subscriptions," stating the name of the payer, the name of the paper, office where payable, amount, and time when received: and shall make a full and faithful return to the General Post Office of all such cases at the end of each quarter. When requested, the Post Master at the office where payable, is to pay the amount in said receipt, deducting one per cent.; which receipt, after being endorsed by the publisher, he will forward as his voucher of payment. He will enter said amount to his credit on his "general account with the United States, under the head of moneys paid for subscriptions, giving the particulars above stated, and render to the General Post Office a full and faithful account of the same at the end of each month.

What may be Mailed.

No packet which shall weigh more than three pounds. Bound books, of any size, are not included in the above prohibition, except books sent by Governors of States, as aforesaid.

Advertised Letters.

Letters uncalled for are to be advertised in the paper of the town where the office is kept, having may be situated having the largest circulation, providing it can be done at a cost not exceeding two cents each letter. Letters are not to be advertised in more than one paper, unless especially directed by the Postmaster General.

Private Expresses.

The establishment of private expresses for the conveyance of any letters, packets or packages of letters, or any matter transmissible in the United States Mail (newspapers, pamphlets, magazines and periodicals excepted,) from one city, town or other place, to any other city, town or other place in the United States, between and from and to which the United States Mail is regularly transported under authority of the Post Office Department, is prohibited. So is the causing to be conveyed, or the providing for the conveyance of anything, by regular trips or at stated periods or intervals, as aforesaid, by any other mode of conveyance transmissible by mail as aforesaid, (newspapers, pamphlets, magazines and periodicals only excepted.

Every person offending against this provision, causing or procuring the therein, or acting as such private express, shall forfeit and pay $150 for each time any letter or letters, packet or packages, or other matter properly transmissible by mail, conveyed or delivered. It shall or may be by him, her or them, or through his her or their instrumentality, in whole or in part, conveyed.

This is not to prohibit the conveyance of letters, packets or packages, not to be carried by private hands, no compensation being received therefor, or expected by any one, or by any special messenger employed only for the single particular occasion.

Army & Navy.

Military Academy at West Point.—The War Department has appointed the following named individual Inspectors of the Institution at West Point, for the ensuing year, who are to assemble there on the 1st of June next, to make the annual examination of the corps of cadets, and make report upon the proficiency, instruction and general discipline of the same: Major General Scott, Brigadier General Roger, Brigadier General Gibson, Brigadier General Worth, Colonel G. Bomford, Surgeon General Lawson, Major Lee Whiting.

The Naval Medical Board of Examiners, which convened at Philadelphia, May 1st, for the examination of candidates for promotion, examined, and found qualified for promotion.—Dr. Charles J. Bates, of the state of Maryland, 1826. Dr. Elijah Barclay, of the date of 1830. Dr. Edward M. Wm. A. Nelson, of the date of October, 1839.

A Board for the examination of midshipmen is directed to be convened at the Naval Asylum, Philadelphia, on Monday, the 1st of June next, of which Commodore George C. Read is appointed President, and Captain Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, M. C. Perry, and Captains F. A. F. Larailette and Isaac Mayo members.

The United States ship Lexington, Francis R. Ellison, Esq., commanding, arrived at New York, on Friday morning week. She left Mahon, March 15th, Gibraltar March 20th, and Charleston, May 17th.

The U. S. ship Levant, was at Panama on the 11th ult. The officers and crew all well. The U. S. store ship Relief was at Callao, on the 17th of February.

General News.

Effects of "Sweetening."—Two men in Cincinnati, one an old citizen, named Robert Bland, and the other Samuel Powell, commenced a dispute, a few days ago, on the subject of dueling. Bland left behind the bar in his tavern, and took up a pair of pistols, letting Powell take his choice, signifying that they could determine the point by a trial of skill, as they were not to fight a duel. Powell said, well to Powell, "the pistols are loaded." They had agreed, it appears, to fire at a distance of twenty steps. After arranging their positions, in the manner of duellists, they each walked about two or three paces, and then wheeled and fired! The ball of Powell struck that Mr. Bland was shot, the ball entering the right side and causing his death. Both parties in this tragedy were drunk. The editors of newspapers in Cincinnati were puzzled to tell whether this was a duel or the result of skylarking, but the presumption is, as we said, in favor of the latter supposition. Powell immediately surrendered himself.

Solomon's Case.—A very singular law case has been pending in the Court of the Quarter in New Orleans, in which a child is claimed by two sets of parents—the one asserting that the child was born at New Orleans, in 1833, and the other that he was born in New York, in 1837. The testimony adduced on the trial, says a New Orleans paper, is of the most curious. The case was brought up by a writ of habeas corpus, the parties were John and Martha Paul, on the one side, and Jesse Hoyt on the other. The Court decided that Mrs. Paul was the mother of the child, in virtue of which decision, she took him under her maternal protection.

Santa Fe.—The St. Louis Reveille, notes the arrival at that place of Mr. Gruiser, and others of Mr. Norris's company from Santa Fe. They left on the 16th of April. The Annexation news had reached Santa Fe before their departure, but it created no sensation whatever, or any special feeling. The Governor had issued a proclamation, desiring such of the foreigners as were in the country, to take the oath of allegiance, and receive their protection papers. Very little attention, however, was paid to the proclamation. All the foreigners were either tained of any immediate difficulties.

A Calamity.—The Albany Citizen says that there are but two remedies for unlawful animal in the State. It is the vertebra of the tail, called by the naturalists the Zygyleon—a creature which must have been half alligator and half lizard. It is discovered in the fossil rock in chalk formation on the banks of the Alabama river, and was tested up and sent to Professor Emmons, of Albany. The vertebra, weighing from a portion of the head to the tip of the tail, is eighty feet in length, as it lies upon the floor. The creature must have been in life from ninety to a hundred feet long.

☞ Two lamentable accidents have happened in Gen. Tom Thumb, in Paris. The first occurred on the 13th ult., when a child had been stolen, and as yet no trace has been discovered of the robbers. The very next day, while Gen. Tom was taking his usual exercise, and amusing himself by riding on a ball-doe, which, unaccustomed to see steeds of the size of three attached to the animal's head, escaped from its keeper, and, seeing the Pavilion Marsan open, sprang to attack the equipage, and for a moment seemed about to devour coachman, carriage and all.

☞ The Marble Bust of Gen. Harrison, executed by the lamented Clevenger, while in Italy, and purchased from his widow, by the citizens of Cincinnati, has arrived in safety in that city. It is pronounced by good judges a work of truthfulness and merit.

Odiarne Epidemic.—The Franklin (Tenn.) Democrat, of the 13th inst., says:—"Mr. Shannahan, living six and a half miles south of this place, in digging a well on the top of a hill near his house, discovered the bones of an animal of most enormous size. One of the teeth and one joint of the neck bone is now at the office of Dr. S. S. Mayfield. The tooth weighs four pounds six and a half ounces, and is in a high state of preservation. The enamel on the tooth is of one half an inch thick, and as hard as flint."

An Invention.—A letter from Buffalo to the New York Express says:—"I have within a few days examined the working model of a machine lately invented by Mr. Charles French, a Chief Engineer on the United States Revenue service, now on duty here. It is simple in its construction and application, and the only wonder is that it was never thought of before, and yet it will do more for the steam engine than any invention which has been patented for a long time."

New York City.

☞ The British ship Mersey, Capt. Carroll from Cork, bound to New York, went ashore on Thursday night week, during the fog, thirty miles south of Sandy Hook, bilged, and will probably be a total loss. She was in ballast, and had on board 270 passengers, who were safely landed on the beach. The New York sun says, a number of the passengers have reached that city, and many of them were wandering about the streets on Sunday, in a most pitiable condition, having lost every thing but what they had on.

☞ The New York Express, says—"The house of John P. Smith & Co., Bank Note Brokers, turns out to be very heavy, and larger than was at first supposed. There is considerable over deal; on one of the banks, and checks of Fillmore & Co., other banks are far be paid about customary same last week, and four sales have been made of Smith's assets, at prices ranging from 50 to 60 cts. $60,000 bale of a good bond sold at $1.67, and a $40,000 bale at $1.68. Another bale of $40,000 sold at $1.69, and another bale of $40,000 sold at $1.70. Another bale of $40,000 sold at $1.71, and another bale of $40,000 sold at $1.72. Another bale of $40,000 sold at $1.73, and another bale of $40,000 sold at $1.74. The arrivals of old goods are light. Wheat in good demand, sales of Penna. rods at 90c on light, Flinkle for 87c, and Genesee at 97c to $1. Rye is in demand with sales of Penna. at $1.10, and Brandywine at $1.12. Corn —The arrivals of old goods are light. Wheat in good demand, sales of Penna. rods at 90c on light, Flinkle for 87c, and Genesee at 97c to $1. Rye is in demand with sales of Penna. at $1.10, and Brandywine at $1.12. Corn —Sales of Ca. at 59c. Oats —Sales of Penna. at 45c. Provisions —Pork is in demand, and prices have fallen off, and good quality is more inquired for. We have nothing to report. Whiskey—Sales of Rectified at 30c. Naval Stores—Rosin and Tar appear without change. Cotton—The sales are limited, and prices unchanged. Freights—Engagements are light. Wheat to Liverpool, 6d. Flour to Liverpool, 2s. 6d. Cotton to Liverpool, 3-16d. Tobacco to Liverpool, 5s. Corn to Liverpool, 3d. Flour to Havre, 4f. 50c. Wheat to Havre, 4f. 50c. Flour to Antwerp, 4f. 50c. Wheat to Antwerp, 4f. 50c. Flour to Rotterdam, 4f. 50c. Wheat to Rotterdam, 4f. 50c. Flour to Hamburg, 4f. 50c. Wheat to Hamburg, 4f. 50c. Flour to Bremen, 4f. 50c. Wheat to Bremen, 4f. 50c. Flour to Amsterdam, 4f. 50c. Wheat to Amsterdam

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE CHURCHMAN MAGAZINE, FEB 1870

THE SUNBEAM'S LOVE.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. OSGOOD.

A little wild flower, issue and veil
Who studied on by leaves in the shade,
The light that made her sisters glad,
Dreaded to her as spells of fear.

But now the warmest, vanishing ray
That ever climbed a lonesome wood,
Through the dark foliage found its way
To where the timid violet stood.

The wild flower blushed and smiled and wept,
But enough never sighed,
Till on her bosom it softly slept,
The yeas, true bliss, to cause or sin.

Hence, beauty, hath underrated of yore
Flesh the bosom's beating kind!
And heaven, is had not known before,
Thrill to that warm, sweet embrace and part.

In such surprise, it murmured low,
"I'm none in far more fair than—"
But ere the word could flow,
And the ray said, "I know not why

"Nor care I, dear—I only feel,
That thou art all I ask in me,
With Heaven's light in my wood, I steal,
To find my dearest Heaven in thee!"

And the glad flower, surpassed its time appeared,
With fond existence, reliable the ray,
Till, at the noon her bird, with a sigh
The withered, fades that Ellie day

Regulled to Heaven, the embrace fast,
The sorrowing bloomers folds in leaves,
And there, to life the trace, its eyes,
And still and lonely, dreams and grieves!

Ah! such the story to precisely fated, but
And smile on Nature's fairest child,
Nor care not heed their hate hour,
She loves you well her grief so wild!

The night bestows none, Ah, leave me weep,
And whisper love," Why mourns my flower?
Ah! then the blossom feigns to sleep,
And steals within her leafy bower.

And so shall, she sings all night,
Of gentle love, how true it is!
I have to say, no lesser, no light,
Oh, I can neither tell them!

Ladies Department.

THE BRIDE-CAKE.

A TALE—BY L. RUEGG.

"Now mind, I shall expect a slice of cake and a pair of kid gloves from you when you are married, Mr. Denison, that I certainly shall; and I should think you would not forget me."

These words were addressed by a good-looking maiden, (perhaps she might have been rather on the shady side of maidenism) to a fine looking young fellow in the well-known library at S——. The maiden Miss Norris was the respected proprietor thereof, and the previous half-uttered sense of her respected visitants. A greater intimacy might have existed between the pair than between Miss Norris and the generality of her customers but the lady was on such good terms with all who favor her that joking and being joked with on the delicate subject of matrimony was no very unusual thing with her. The reader then, may wonder why we introduce our little tale with so common place an observation. Let him wait awhile and we will show him.

Miss Norris, as we have said, was fast approach the confines of that period which is usually allotted to young ladies to get a husband in; should what the limit of that period really and tangibly is, we do not pretend to say. We never yet knew of that precise period being fixed at which juvenility ended and old maidenism began. The line of demarcation is a thing that some states was never yet definitely settled, and we fear it never will be generally agreed on: and yet all the world admits that there is such a line, and further, that it is an exceedingly perceptible that it is immediately discerned even if a lady has one leg across it. However, it matters little to us as we refer the reader to the ideal line, without seeking to trace its visionary continuations or fix its existence.

We declare, we have got to the end of our paragraph and the commencement of another without progressing an inch in our simple story. We have diverged from the narrative trail towards a certain very indistinct vision, are unsaunting, and are obliged to return to the very tangent from whence we started without accomplishing anything except diverting the reader's attention, and almost losing the thread of the story. Miss Norris, then——

Yes, yes, I understand," we hear some kind reader. Tenak you, sir, you have saved us a deal of trouble and yourself the betrayal of a few lines of tautology. Well, having settled what Miss Norris's age was, permit us to tell you what state her circumstances.

The lady, then, was comfortably settled as the principal proprietress of a large stationary shop and reading room in the populous parish of Sowerby. Two of those visitors were younger than herself assisted her in the business, and I dare say there was not the profits whatever they might be. 'Tis true, Miss Norris herself would often complain of the hardness of the times, but as this observation happened usually to be addressed to some frequenter of the reading room rather than armed with the subscription, it was supposed to be uttered as a hint that a complaint. Indeed, some persons who professed to know the worldly circumstances of every one in the town, would so declared that Miss Norris had no ground for grumbling about pecuniary matters, seeing that for many years she had drawn a very pretty income from her business, which income was somewhat enriched by a trifling legacy that she inherited. It was matter of wonderment to many that the knowledge of these circumstances had not induced one individual amongst the many, many bachelors in the town to make Miss N an offer; but the aforesaid lady herself was practically inclined that Miss N. attached herself so much to business, and paid such close attention to money matters, that she was altogether in that state which we have been talking about, without thinking of matrimony, and which others fell within the scope of her daily avocations—the sorting and selling newspapers, forwarding magazines and periodicals, and serving good, ink, paper and wafers to accustomed customers.

In the reason what it may, Miss Norris, at the time we are speaking of, had not any one to whom she could look as a future husband, and indeed, she appeared as careless of the matter that, as we have shown, she could even when not engaged in business, talk with a joke about it quite unconcernedly. The young joke about it quite unconcernedly. The young man to whom she addressed the words at the commencement of this paper, was with her in a business not customary, in which they had been led by the genius of a mere matter in the form of the *Morning Post*. The gentleman had been engaged to her for some time, and upon the happiness of the marriage state, but had some slight difficulty in making the lady believing as himself. She had expressed herself strongly against the state herself, and had said him roundly that she thought a woman must be happier in celibacy than amid the cares and the troubles, the discords and the ills of wedded life, and when the gentleman talked of companionship, she only laughed and said, "I relished," and said that she had never met with a gentleman, she had known a hundred married couples. It was in vain for Mr. Denison to remind her, and he therefore brought the conversation to a close by very warmly asserting that he would get a wife himself soon, to whom she might regard as one of the best friends.

No account of the persons in [illegible] we all go out of their way to discuss the fitness of Mr. Denison as a matrimonial partner for Miss Norris; and all agreed that he was a manly and proper person. First, he could read and write, and then he was an affable, fine gentleman; was so polished that he could not have his body any roughly, and yet so supple that the most steadily-educated could not discharge it of its gentility; last, however, they were all so gentlemanly that really it was a wonder what Miss Norris was about that she did not set her cap at him, especially as Mr. Denison was even more than civil attentive when in Miss Norris's company than in that of any one else.

So matters of these gentle folks; while, in the meantime, the two parties immediately concerned go on, for aught that they evidenced to be the only persons unconscious of the matter. Truly, however, will enough in to state—especially since we have let the reader into the secret—differing Mr. Denison—truth compels us to state—was an accidental shower might have become a little emotion in the countenance of the lady's customer Mr. Denison declared her shop—that there was a little more confusion in the manner of the fair maiden of the market of the hand: though it was so little that her existing those to were unnoticed by such indecisions would have remarked them. For short time was such a little more emotion in her really good-natured face, and occasionally when alone, there was an abstractedness about her that looked as if she had some latent embodiment; yet, as this might have been occasioned by the multiplicity of business, it perhaps hardly fair to attribute it here. However, one fine morning there entered the shop a female, and extending his hand, said—

"Miss Norris, I am come to wish you good bye. I have obtained a situation in the north of England, and shall fly abroad to spot this party next early in next week."

"Then we shall see you again," said the maiden.

"Why, yes, certainly," said he; "I must not part with you so quickly; I suppose I must find time to look in again before I start by the coach on Monday; but as I have to bid my relatives good bye, I shall hardly have time to see you before that day."

"Then I am sure I shall not but you good bye now," said the lady; but why—why—he came upon to think of leaving, Mr. Denison? I am sure I did not dream of such a thing; I thought you would spend your days here; I could not have imagined it. Bless me, how surprised people will be!"

Mr. Denison exhibited a little confusion, but answered in a jocular manner; and, having paused an address where he might be written to "in case any one wanted him," he suddenly rejoined a friend in the opposite side of the street, shook Miss Norris heartily by the hand, and made a rapid exit.

All that day Miss N. exhibited a restless, and; we are constrained to add, a petulance of manner strangely at variance with her usual quiet conduct. She had evidently been greatly surprised, for she would stop in the midst of her duties to her customers and mutter, "Well, I could not have thought it; how strange—how very strange!" And that some unpleasant feeling was at work in her bosom was evident from a very unusual abstractedness, and from something like a sigh occasionally escaping from her bosom.

Time waits for no man or woman either, and though the old gentleman at one time appeared to Miss Norris to be very dilatory (this was during the interval) and a sundays (and this was when Monday and Mr. Denison arrived) to have been striding on at a most inconceivable pace, yet still the universe paid no attention to the thoughts or wishes of the thousands whose destiny he held on previously fixed, but continued to proceed on his long journey with the same monotonous regularity as ever. Monday arrived in due course, and with it, as we have intimated, came Mr. Denison, with carpet-bag in hand, and attired as if for a long journey. He was full early, for the coach was not to start for more than two hours.

"Well, Miss Norris," said he, with forced cheerfulness, "I am off on my journey: do you not with it may be a pleasant one?" He extended his hand and looked into her face with an expression that said as plainly as if it had been uttered—"Oh! why will you let me go?"

The maiden took the proferred hand, and a thrill of sympathy passed through her whole frame. It was that feeling of utter loneliness and misery when those who are bidding adieu to a much-loved being, perchance for ever! have—God help them!—felt the full bitterness of. It lasted but a moment—but what a moment was that! Its duration had needs be short when its influence is so overpowering. Then shook his hand heartily, and, in the form of a question, put the more commonplace compliments he took his departure.

He had not been gone five minutes before the lady was sensible that he had not entered the shop suddenly that he nearly struck down Miss Norris, who was behind the door looking through its little glass window. He vanished as hastily as he had occupied the space of almost unconcern—she wished him present—and he would be with her. Then when